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The Bulletin.

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annum.

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side public square, Bolivar, Tenn.

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J. A. WILSON, south side public
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Groceries.

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BOLIVAR, TENN.,
Office on Market street. sept18-74ly

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Attorneys At Law,
BOLIVAR, TENN.,
East side of Court Square, over J. H. Larwill's drug store. jan22ly

JESSE NORMENT,
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AND
COLLECTING AGENT.
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FRANK WILLIAMS,
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BOLIVAR, TENN.,
Office, West of Public Square. feb7-75-ly

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Solicitor in Chancery; and
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MOORE & TATE,
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BOLIVAR, TENN.,
Office northeast corner public square

R. W. PEGRAM,
PHYSICIAN.
HICKORY VALLEY, - - TENN.
feb3-ly.

RAILROADS.

MISSISSIPPI CENTRAL R. R.
SCHEDULE.

TRAINS SOUTH. TRAINS NORTH.
Mail train, 2:43 p.m. | Mail train, 1:20 p.m.
Accom'n, 10:30 a.m. | Accom'n, 9:25 a.m.

Mail trains every day.
Connections made by the Nashville and Great
Northern R.R. at Grand Junction with trains on the M.
& O. R. and by the same trains going north at Jackson,
Tenn., with trains on the M. & O. R.

GEO. M. DUGAN, Agent

Memphis and Return.
Every Day Except Sunday.
By an arrangement between the
MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON
—AND THE—
New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago

RAILROADS.
A through train leaves Jackson, Bolivar,
and all intermediate stations, every morn-
ing for Memphis, returning same even-
ing, with following time table:

TO MEMPHIS:
Leaving Jackson..... 5:30 a. m.
" Harrisburg..... 5:42 "
" Medon..... 6:00 "
" Toombs..... 6:34 "
" Bolivar..... 7:00 "
" Middleburg..... 7:20 "
" Hickory Valley..... 7:32 "
Arriving Grand Junction..... 8:00 "
" Memphis..... 11:20 "

TO JACKSON:
Leaving Memphis..... 4:20 p. m.
Arriving Grand Junction..... 7:00 "
" Hickory Valley..... 7:30 "
" Middleburg..... 7:45 "
" Bolivar..... 8:05 "
" Toombs..... 8:30 "
" Medon..... 9:00 "
" Harrisburg..... 9:20 "
" Jackson..... 9:35 "

This train stops at all regular stations,
and at flag stations when necessary.
Round Trip Tickets on sale at Mem-
phis, to Bolivar and Jackson, at reduced
rates. M. S. JAY,
ma&g Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt

BEATTY PIANO
GRAND SQUARE AND TYPING
Liberal terms to dealers. *Send stamp for circu-
lar.

DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

HOME CIRCLE.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heart-ache,
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste one day in wishing
For a time that never can be?
Would we wait with such impatience,
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window-pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow
Never trouble us again.
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us when we doze now?

Ah! these little ice-cold fingers,
Pressed against the window-pane
To the baby words and actions
Strewn along our backward track,
How these little hands remind us,
As in sunny grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips, from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth of day;
And sweet words that freight our
memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day.
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

There is a legend connected with the
rite in which the Temple of Solomon was
dedicated. It is said to have been com-
mon to two brothers, one of whom
had a family, but the other had none.
On the spot was a field of wheat. On the
evening succeeding the harvest, the
brother having been gathered in sheaves,
the elder brother said to his wife: "My
younger brother is unable to bear the
burden and heat of the day. I will ar-
rive, take of my sheaves, and place them
with his, without his knowledge."

The younger brother, being actuated by
the same benevolent motives, said
within himself: "My elder brother has
a family and I have none. I will con-
tribute to their support. I will ar-
rive, take of my sheaves, and place them
with his, without his knowledge."

Judge of their astonishment when, on
the following morning, they found that
their respective sheaves were undiminished.
This course of events trans-
pired for several nights, when each re-
solved in his own mind to stand guard
and if possible, solve the mystery. They
did so, when, on the following night,
they met each other half-way between
their respective sheaves, where their arms
full. Upon ground hallowed by such as-
sociations as this was the Temple of
King Solomon erected—so spacious, so
magnificent, the wonder and admiration
of the world. As in these days, how
many would sorrow at their brother's
whole sheaf than add to it a single sheaf!

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

We venture to give an incident in the
private life of the statesman, hero and
scholar that has never before been in
print. Mr. Breckinridge had a noble
mother, one of the true Spartan type,
from Kentucky, whose husband was
who in contest where victory or death
was involved, in which her children were
honorably engaged, had rather have seen
them return upon their shields than
without them. Well, one day, after
honors had clustered thick and fast upon
the brow of the young statesman, and
while he was Vice-President of the
United States, he went "shopping" with
his mother, for whom he had a rever-
ential love and profound respect. They
went to this store and to that. The last
selection was finally made and wrapped
up in a large bundle. With that mat-
terial prerogative exercised in his glori-
ous boyhood, she turned to the Vice-
President, and handing him the articles,
said: "Here, John, take this bundle."

The great man, who, in courtly dignity,
commanded listening Senators in times
of turbulence and storm, with a gentle pla-
cidity of a girl, took the bundle as directed,
saying, "It is yours to command; mine to
obey." Small as the circumstance was,
no incident in the eventful life of Mr.
Breckinridge more truly illustrates his
greatness of soul and mind, or more
manly reveals the secret of his
mighty successes than does this. Boys
and youths would do well to bear it in
mind and emulate the example—[Lex-
ington (Ky.) Dispatch.

MENTAL AND SUBSTANTIVE BEAUTY.

Can it be said that, in proportion as
the age becomes intelligent, it antici-
pates the advent of social beauty?
No. Look around, and see how low
lies bleeding under the golden fold
Mammon! Few, very few, have knelt
before the sacred altar with bosoms un-
touched by the gangrene of selfishness.
Alas! the traffic of human hearts is as
common as the traffic of common mer-
chandise. Hearts in the freshness of in-
nocency are bleeding their life away at
every pore. Affection has lost a portion
of its sublimity, completeness, and is fast
dwindling into a thing of shreds and
patches. Many a man has married a
housewife who should have married a
woman; and many a man has wedded a
fidelity, a will, or an asthmatic
grandfather's legacy, when the world has
applauded him for a more magnanimous
action. Can we then wonder when we

see bickerings instead of blessedness,
flirtation instead of fixedness, falsehood
instead of faith, despondency instead of
devotion, and cauldleism instead of con-
solation?

More than any other people the Greeks
strove after the ideal beauty of love, but
they could not divest it of corporal attri-
butes. They endeavored to embody a
nonentity, first, by the instrumentality
of the poet, and afterwards, in a
less perfect degree, by the agency of
the sculptor. They failed in the attempt
to exhibit a splendor of the mind by the
carver's exhibition of substance; but
their failure was not the want of artistic
skill, but the natural result of making
form the representative of spirit. Give
the material Venus as much beauty as
you can, but cannot invest it with
soul. On a person so gloriously
calls, the "over soul!" The Venus
has all the spirituality that genius
could give it. It represents an ideal
image of domestic beauty, but it is less
comely, a just whisper, from her win-
dow, or vulgar error, as in the Venus no
more than physical grace, and barely
that. We have heard shallow thinking
men question the moral effect of statuary.
What a contemptible thing is modern
prudence compared with the classic gen-
ius of ancient Greece! They are sorry
fools who look on humanity only to find
the pimples and the warts upon it.

There are men among us who carry their
eyes in their hand, like the faded inhab-
itants of the moon, and when a fact is
too lofty for their vision, they imagine
that they assist their sight by pushing
their eyes up to it. They are so amu-
singly sharp-sighted, that they can look
down into the future, and prophesy
with the accuracy of a fortune teller.

They are so outrageously discerning,
that they can see the shadows of dis-
honor stealing over the escutcheon of a
Capulet, because in the innocence of
youth, a just whisper, from her win-
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THE HEATHEN CHINEE IN A NEW ROLE.

The Yellow Man with almond eyes
Is in disgrace just now;
What has he done to be the cause
Of such an awful row?
Why do they meet so solemnly
His banishment to plan?
Simply because he's proved himself
To be the Coming Man.

They call him a mere brute compared
With their Caucasian race;
Then if they can't compete with him,
The deeper their disgrace.
They feel his cunning hand and brain
That's why they wish to ban
Forever from their envious shores
The Yellow Coming Man.

They want to turn him out because
He works for little pay.
Saying a white man cannot live
On fifty cents a day;
We answer, and it has been true
Since first the world began,
That he who has the fewest wants—
He is the Coming Man.

If white men, claiming finer blood,
Of better food have need,
Superior art in them should show
They're worthy of their feed.
Yet in the finest works of skill,
Deny the truth who can,
The white man is a clumsy beast
Beside the Coming Man.

—[San Francisco News Letter.

The poet is right.
He sees the coming man as a poet,
a philosopher and a seer.